

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 61.—No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1883.

PRICE: 4d. Unstamped.
6d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,
Feb. 17, at Three o'clock. New Dramatic Cantata, "ALFRED," Libretto by W. GRIST, Music by E. PROUT (first time at Crystal Palace), and Selections from MOZART's "KING THAMOS" (first time at Crystal Palace). Solo Vocalists: Miss Annie Marriott, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Bridson. The Borough of Hackney Choral Association, Crystal Palace Saturday Orchestra. Conductor—MR. EBENEZER PROUT. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—HANDEL FESTIVAL, FRIDAY,
June 15; MONDAY, June 18; WEDNESDAY, June 20; and FRIDAY, June 22. All inquiries and communications with reference to this Festival, as also all applications to take part in the Orchestra or Chorus, should be addressed to the Manager, Crystal Palace Company's Ticket and Inquiry Office, 41, Pall Mall, S.W.; or Crystal Palace, S.E.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian Burton, and M^{me} Antoinette Sterling; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte—M^{me} Sophie Menter. Violin—M^{me} Norman-Néruda. The South London Choral Association, under the direction of Mr. L. C. Venables. Conductor—MR. SYDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Tickets, 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., of Austin, St James's Hall; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—POPULAR SONGS at the BALLAD CONCERT.—"My Darling was so fair" (Taubert); "The Missing Boat" and "The Bells of Aberdovey" (Welsh Songs); "Sunshine and Rain" (Blumenthal); "Callers Herring"; "The Lady of the Lea" (Smart); "My Queen" (Blumenthal); "Good Company" (Adams); "For ever and for ever" (Tosti); and "The Arctura." M^{me} Sophie Menter will perform March from *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn-Liszt) and "Repos d'Amour" (Henselt). M^{me} Norman-Néruda will perform two favourite Solos. Tickets of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

MR SIMS REEVES'S MORNING CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY next, Feb. 20, at Three o'clock. Artists: Miss Edith Santley, Miss Clements, Miss Spencer Jones, and M^{me} Antoinette Sterling; Mr. Santley, Mr. Herbert Reeves, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The Anemole Union (under the direction of Mr. Lazarus). Conductors—MR. SYDNEY NAYLOR and signor BISACCIA. Mr. Sims Reeves has great pleasure in announcing that, in addition to the above-named artists, Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. J. L. Toole have generously given their services on this occasion. Tickets—Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, Area, and Orchestra, 3s.; at Austin's Office, St James's Hall, and usual Agents. The 1s. Tickets are all sold.

NEWPORT MARKET REFUGE AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
48 & 49, LONG ACRE.

NIELS W. GADE'S Grand Cantata, "PSYCHE," will be given, under Distinguished Patronage, by MISS HOLLAND'S CHOIR, in aid of the Funds of the above Charity, on THURSDAY next, Feb. 22, at Half-past Four o'clock precisely, at 24, BELGRAVE SQUARE (by kind permission of GEORGINA, Marchioness of DOWNSHIRE). Tickets, 21s. and 10s. 6d. each, may be obtained from the Lady Patronesses; and also from Miss G. Holland, 72, Brook Street, W.; from Sister Zillah and from Hon. R. Talbot, 48 & 49, Long Acre.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. Seventeenth Season, 1883. The FIRST CONCERT (F. Schubert's Vocal and Instrumental Compositions forming first part of the Programme) will take place on THURSDAY, March 8th, 1883. The date of the next Soirée will be duly announced. Full Prospectus is Now Ready, and may be had on application to

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LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

Local Examinations of Musical Students not educated in the Academy will take place at the undermentioned centres, as follows:

MR F. W. DAVENPORT.

Manchester, Feb. 20, 21, 22, 27; Southport, Feb. 28; Liverpool, March 1, 6, 7, 8; Birkenhead, March 13; Wrexham, March 14; Chester, March 15; Glasgow, March 20, 21; Aberdeen, March 22, 23; Edinburgh, March 24, 26; Dumfries, March 27; Bradford, April 10, 11; Sheffield, March 28, 29; Derby, April 2, 3; Nottingham, March 30; Leeds, April 5, 6.

MR H. R. EYERS.

Northampton, March 28; Bedford, March 29; Leicester, March 30, 31; Cheltenham, April 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

Birmingham, March 29, 30; London, March 31, April, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Mr ARTHUR O'LEARY.

Plymouth, Feb. 26, 27, 28, March 1, 2; Truro, March 3; Penzance, March 5; Barnstaple, March 6; Exeter, March 7, 8; Bath, March 22; Weston-super-Mare, March 24; Sherborne, March 26; Bristol, March 30, 31, April 2; Shrewsbury, April 3; Wellington, April 4; Leek, April 5, 6; Leamington, April 7.

Mr BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Hastings, March 16; Brighton, March 17; Reading, March 24; Gloucester, March 27; Cardiff, March 28, 29, 30; Swansea, March 31, April 2; Tunbridge Wells, April 4; Canterbury, April 5; Maidstone, April 6; Marlborough, April 7.

Mr FREDK. WESTLAKE.

Ipswich, Feb. 21; Cambridge, Feb. 24; Norwich, March 3; Southampton, March 9, 10; Newcastle-on-Tyne, March 27, a.m.; Sunderland, March 27, p.m.; Hull, March 28, 29.

By order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.

MR JOHN CROSS begs to announce a GRAND EVENING CONCERT, under Distinguished Patronage, at the HOLBORN TOWN HALL, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., for the CENTRAL THROAT AND EAR HOSPITAL, Gray's Inn Road, on WEDNESDAY next, Feb. 21st, at Eight o'clock, given by the Holborn Orchestral and Choral Society, assisted by the following, who have generously promised their services: Vocalists—M^{me} Alice Barth, Misses Ety, Linda Rivers, and Clara Myers, Mr. John Cross, and Mr. Frank Quatremaire; Pianoforte—Miss Lavinia O'Brien, Messrs P. Sewell Southgate and Arthur L'Estrange, and Sir Julius Benedict; the Orchestra and Choir of the Society; Conductor—Mr. F. Sewell Southgate; Leader of the Orchestra—Mr. Hy. Hunter. A Musical Sketch by Mr. Eric Lewis (by permission of R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq.). Managing Director—MR. JOHN CROSS. Seats Numbered and Reserved, 7s.; Reserved Seats, Unnumbered, 5s.; Body of the Hall, 2s.; Back Seats and Balcony, 1s.

BENEDICT'S ANDANTE and CHOPIN'S POSTHUMOUS MAZURKA Arranged for Four Performers on Two Pianofortes by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, will be played by Miss LAVINIA O'BRIEN, Mr. F. SOUTHGATE, Mr. ARTHUR L'ESTRANGE, and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, at Mr. John Cross's Concert, at the New Town Hall, Holborn, on Wednesday Evening, Feb. 21st, for the benefit of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat and Ear.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR JOHN CROSS will sing (by desire) ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Grand Concert given for the Benefit of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat and Ear, at the Holborn Town Hall, on Wednesday Evening, Feb. 21st.

"OH, BUY MY FLOWERS!"

M^{DLLE} ETTY will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's popular Song, "OH, BUY MY FLOWERS," at the Holborn Town Hall, on Feb. 21st.

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MISS BEATA FRANCIS will sing **SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S** Variations on "LE CARNEVAL DE VENISE," at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, Feb. 21st; Maidstone, April 2nd; Plymouth, 4th; and Tunbridge Wells, 7th.

"THE RETURN OF THE ARMY."

MR WALTER JARVIS and **MR FREDERIC PENNA** will sing **MR F. PENNA'S** Duet, "THE RETURN OF THE ARMY," at the Composer's Concert, at Stelway Hall, Feb. 22nd.

"TIS YEARS SINCE I BEHELD THY FACE."

MDME ESTELLE EMRICK will sing **LILLIE ALBRECHT'S** admired Song, "TIS YEARS SINCE I BEHELD THY FACE," at St James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, the 28th inst., at the Concert given by the Literary and Artistic Society. (Published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.)

"PEACEFULLY SLUMBER."

MISS MARIAN MCKENZIE will sing **RANDEGGER'S** admired Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Leicester, on Thursday Evening next, Feb. 22nd.

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FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(From "The Theatre.")

I was born on November 29, 1836. In due course I was sent to Eton, where I wrote a farce, and acted in it at my tutor's, the Rev. W. G. Cookeley's. Thence, after an interval of severe illness, followed by some very pleasant months of private tutelage, I went up to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here I started the A.D.C., or Amateur Dramatic Club, which is still flourishing.* H.R.H. the Prince of Wales became Honorary President of the Club. Three or four gentlemen now playing in the best London companies came from the A.D.C. It was not, however, meant to be a nursery for the stage, but simply a social recreation for theatrically-inclined undergraduates who did not care about the formalities and restraints of the mock Parliament represented by the debating society known as "The Union." Among the more volatile undergraduates there was as strong an objection as there is among the respectable poor against "entering the Union." About my degree time I became studious, but still more so after I had taken my degree, when I "stopped up" to read, in order to settle whether my profession should be, not "Church or Stage," but Church or Bar; and after a year's anxious consideration given exclusively to the former, I ultimately decided, after another brief but important interval, in favour of the latter (what an escape church-goers have had!); and, having previously qualified myself by "eating" most of "my terms," I finished the remainder, attended lectures at the Temple, read with a conveyancer, was "called" by Lincoln's Inn, commenced practice at the Middlesex Sessions, worked with a Common Law junior, was utterly disillusioned, made a few appearances at the Old Bailey, two at Westminster, and was an occasional visitor to the committee rooms of the House of Commons, to which attractive business I should most certainly have stuck had it not been that I had already begun to earn a fair sum by my pen; and this being, at that time, a far more seductive *modus vivendi* for an impecunious young gentleman of a sanguine and impulsive temperament, with a young wife and a "commencing" family, the halls of Westminster saw me no more, and I have, of course, no doubt that a distinguished legal luminary, or at all events a wealthy Parliamentary barrister, was there and then lost to the world. Still, if Mr. Anthony Trollope did not begin his novel writing till he was forty, and if Mr. Richardson, the author of *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Pamela*,† did not commence his literary career till he had turned fifty, perhaps there might be some chance for me in the New Law Courts, where, on the opening day, I resumed, for the space of three hours, my "full forensic costume." When I think of an eminent Q.C. who was once a Guardsman, of a Cardinal who was in the Household Cavalry, and of many more wonderful changes effected quite in mid-career, and attended with the greatest possible success—I am inclined to—well, to remain as I am; and if I can get an occasional Colonel, a *Black-Eyed Susan*, an *Our Club*, a *Family Ties*, a *Diplunacy*, a *Turn of the Tide*, a *Corsican Bros. & Co.*, and a few *Happy Thoughts* to visit me from time to time, I shall have no great cause to complain. Between eighty and a hundred of my pieces have been published. I saw in a review of Mr. Archer's *Dramatists*—which I have not yet read—that the fact of authors having published in such a form as *Lacy's Acting Edition* proves how low they themselves rated the literary value of their work. Speaking for myself, I availed myself of the only evident means of publication then existing. My first object was to get what I could, which was not as much as it ought to have been, and I was utterly ignorant and comparatively careless, as were most of us then, I believe, concerning the distinction between acting-right and copy-right both here and in America, and was only too glad to sell when everybody else, as far as I knew, sold, and to get the same price as other dramatic authors received—which was precious little, I know; but in those primitive days any earnings were sweet, and to make money at all was

* For details see *History of the A.D.C.*, published by Chapman.

† "And," without malice, *Clarissa Harlowe* may be added; "for" Samuel Richardson also wrote that novel.—O. B.

a delightful and almost overpowering surprise. Thus it was that I lost all command over *Ixion* and other similar burlesques of mine in America, where performing companies were making pots of money out of them, playing them all over the States. The most successful company in this line was under an English manager—bless him. When I once understood the pecuniary value of this kind of work, I ceased to publish. It is wrong to suppose that *Lacy's Acting Edition* had not a big sale. It had; and I should think the publisher who purchased our copyrights made about three or four hundred per cent. by the transaction, especially if at the same time he had found somebody as inexperienced as myself to sell the acting rights as well. I did this with more than one piece written by me at Cambridge, which, when I was looking about to see where the money was to be picked up in London, I was glad to part with for a few pounds to Lacy; and one of these, *Villikens and his Dinah*, was played, (unknown to me) in various country theatres long before my first piece was produced in town, and had already brought in a tidy sum to its astute purchaser, the publisher.

How we were done, right and left, in those days of small sums—done for all sorts of rights which not the most recently-started dramatic author among us ever thinks of parting with now! I think Mr. Dion Boucicault, as author, actor, and manager, let in the light on the relative position of author and manager. It was he who explained to me the just and equitable arrangement of percentages.

My connection with *Punch* began about seventeen years ago. I had begun on *Fun*, just then started—in company with Tom Hood, jun., H. J. Byron, J. Prowse, W. S. Gilbert, Brunton, and Mat Morgan. I suggested the scheme of a burlesque serial—the first in that particular form—to indicate the sensational style of to-day, and to imitate the *London Journal* frontispiece. The *Fun* proprietor, a looking-glass dealer, didn't "see it;" whereupon I wrote to Mark Lemon, who did; and within a month I was on the staff of *Punch*, and sitting at the historic table with Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Horace Mayhew, John Leech, Charles Keene, Percival Leigh, Tom Taylor, and W. M. Thackeray, who introduced me as "the new boy." *Hæc olim memenissee juvabit*. I shall never forget Thackeray at the *Punch* table, and when entertaining the *Punch* staff in his own house.

Of my work on *Punch* there were two or three serials before I hit on *Happy Thoughts*, which, when subsequently published, soon went through fifteen editions, and its success astonished no one more than myself. I am told that the most successful of my parodies was *Strapmore*, "by Weeder," and that went through seven editions within a fortnight. A close parody requires the most careful work, and the author's peculiarities cannot be entirely mastered from one book. Not until I find myself writing an ordinary letter in the style of the author I have been studying do I feel quite sure that I can safely start the parody. The new *Sandford and Merton*, admirably illustrated by Mr. Linley Sambourne, was very popular, and we've got another on the tapis. *Across the Dark Continent* was extracted from *Punch* and sold as a pamphlet in America. A friend of mine returning from the States told me that its sale had been immense. This was gratifying, of course. *Happy Thoughts* was translated into Dutch. How it went I don't know. It looked very funny. I suppose that with my brother dramatic authors—for 'tis as a dramatic author that my likeness is exhibited here—I have done my full share of journalism, and written on all sorts of subjects, from Shakspeare to the musical glasses. If the foregoing sketchy kind of biography, jerkily put together, will interest some of your readers you are welcome to it. With best wishes for the future of your magazine, I remain, yours truly,

F. C. BURNAND.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Italian buffo-opera season has commenced auspiciously. Mlle Novack, one of the five pupils of Mme Marchesi who came out last autumn in Italy, achieved a genuine success as Norina in *Don Pasquale*.

MAPLESONIANA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Her Majesty's Italian Opera, Colonel Mapleson, director, is now making its fifth annual tour of the United States, and has just closed a season of seven performances in St. Louis. A newspaper here objects to the royal title, and declares it no more Her Majesty's Company than Haverley's Minstrels, and that even if true, it is out of place in Republican America. It even questions his military rank; but that is too ridiculous in a country where one couldn't throw a brick in any direction on a public thoroughfare without hitting a Colonel. However, if Colonel Mapleson would disarm criticism and retain both titles without offending Republicans, let him advertise "Her Majesty's Colonel's Opera Company." That would also relieve Her Majesty of any responsibility for some of Mapleson's principal singers, who, I dare say, would not have been engaged if Her Majesty had had anything to say in the matter.

It cost St. Louis 25,000 dols. to hear the *Puritani*, *Lucia*, *Tell*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, *Lohengrin*, and *Faust*—the second and last having been substituted for *Semiramide* and *Don Giovanni*. It is claimed that Patti absorbed more than a third of the entire gross receipts (8,800 dols.) for the *Lucia* and *Traviata* nights; but as she drew more in these two than all the other *prime donne* in the other five performances, she is worth the enormous salary. Albani drew the next best houses in the *Puritani* and *Lohengrin*; and as Mdle Rossini and Fursch-Madi were unable to sing, Dotti had it all her own way in *Guillaume Tell*, the *Trovatore*, and *Faust*.

Did you ever hear Dotti? If not, there is a surprise in store for you. Mapleson has four sopranos, and—Dotti, who may be called a *soprano d'amore*, since the manager loves to hear her, if the public don't. And what rights have the public which a manager (or I might add, a soprano) is bound to respect? None, according to the code which allows a *soprano de cacophonie*, or a *tenore di vibrato* to be thrust into leading rôles to please—whom? the public?—No! Nicolini is reported as receiving an enormous salary—800 dols. per night; but I prefer believing the report that Patti's terms are 4,400 dols. for herself and Nicolini, or 5,000 dols. for herself alone; being willing to pay 600 dols. for the sufferings of the public to gratify his ambition to sing.

Mierzewski as Arnoldo in *Tell*, Scalchi as Siebel and Duprat as Mephisto, in *Faust*, all new to St. Louis—score pronounced and deserved successes. If Mierzewski had Ravelli's voice, and the latter had the former's method, there would be nothing left to desire in either. Ravelli may be called a *tenore di forza*, as he seems to have no control over his voice. The exquisite *romanza*, "Salve dimora," which Faust should sing in *mezza voce*, under Marguerite's window, was bawled out to the audience from the footlights by Ravelli. Scalchi, too, offended against good taste, by attempting to improve Gounod's score, with the introduction of two cadenzas into the Flower Song.

What do you think of a *Trovatore* performance in which the "Di tale amor" of Leonora, the "Stride la vampa" of Azucena, and "Il Balen" of the Conte di Luna, never got a hand? Yet that was the *Trovatore* of Dotti, Galassi, and Ciampi-Cellaj. The discriminating audience, as if to make amends for its musical judgment called out Azucena for the manner in which she staggered around the stage, winding up in a wrestling match with Manrico, who had all he could do to break away from her Greco-Roman grip.

There are four Italians, two English, one French, and one American in Mapleson's orchestra, the rest being Germans, members of the Musical Union of New York, who have given Mapleson lots of trouble. He has threatened several times to discharge all the Germans, and bring over a complete orchestra from Italy, France, and England, and has only been prevented from doing so by his conductor, Signor Arditi. There are many conductors, and but one Arditi, who will be an invaluable treasure for Mapleson in the coming operatic war with Abbey.

Mr Gye expected to get the New Grand Opera House in New

York, but Theatrical Manager Abbey carried off the prize, the stockholders no doubt being influenced by the consolidation of Mr Gye's interests with those of Mapleson, believing that rivalry would stimulate to greater efforts in the production of new works. The war, therefore, which was waged so long in London, between Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, will now be transferred to New York, and be waged between the Old Academy of Music and the New Metropolitan Opera House. Operatic management is new to Abbey, and he don't know what is in store for him. If he possesses any refined sensibilities, and undertakes personally to handle the singers and musicians, he will be singing himself in a lunatic asylum before the end of the first season. Mapleson is an operatic rhinoceros, impervious alike to a soprano's smiles, a contralto's wiles, a tenor's wails, and the howls of the chorus and musicians.

J. TRAVIS QUIGG.

St. Louis, Jan. 30, 1883.

FREE CHURCH v. ORGAN.

A very severe view is evidently still taken at Nairn about instrumental music in places of worship. The Free Church Presbytery in that pleasant Scotch town unanimously adopted "an overture to the General Assembly," denouncing the introduction of organs or other musical instruments into churches and chapels, on the ground that it was "unscriptural and sinful." One reverend gentleman, Mr Cameron, in seconding the "overture," loftily declared that it had become a question with him whether he could remain within the ministry of the Free Church if instrumental music were sanctioned. It was thought in the sinful South that Scotch Presbyterians had got over their dislike to the organ, though they might still style the grand and solemn instrument a "kist o' whistles." The "chest of whistles" may certainly be heard pealing in many an ancient conventicle, and nobly mingling with the voices of Scottish lads and lasses in the praise of the Deity. But the fatal innovation is to be checked; prayer and praise are only hallowed when some stern and tuneless minister gives forth the hymn; and Nairn, with Mr Cameron as its spokesman, denounces anthems, voluntaries, and fugues as allurements of the Evil One. What wicked persons must Bach and Mozart have been, and all the great composers of sacred music from Palestrina to Handel and Haydn! One would like to inquire of the "unco' guid" Mr Cameron whether David did not bid the pious "sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving," and enjoin him and his like, "with trumpets also and shawms," to "show yourselves joyful." Can it really be come to this, that the Free Church must choose between "Music, heavenly Maid," and the Reverend Mr Cameron; and, being in such a dilemma, will it, indeed, hesitate?—D. T.

PESTH.—Mdle Risley, a friend and fellow-countrywoman of Mdle Nevada's, has obtained a two months' holiday from the National Theatre, where she is engaged for six years, and intends turning it to account by going to Paris and studying several new parts under her old mistress, Mdme Marchesi.—A new buffo opera, book by Herr Rakoski, music by Baron von Baussey, has proved an utter failure. The first act went tolerably, but the jokes in the second were resented as broad and coarse by the audience, who hooted the piece off the stage.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—Mdme Rigaut, who played the part of Anna in *La Dame Blanche*, when that opera was first produced in 1825, has died, in full possession of her faculties, at the advanced age of eighty-six. From the time she retired from the stage, forty years ago, she lived here in strict retirement. She was the last survivor of the original "creators" of the opera. Ponchard, Féreol, Henri, and Mdme Boulanger, have long gone the way of all flesh, but it was only a few years since that Mdme Lestage, a member of the chorus, who had taken part in the first performance of Boieldieu's masterpiece, and sung in every performance down to the time of her decease, also shuffled off this mortal coil.

LYONS.—The Municipal Council have once more voted a grant to the Grand-Théâtre and the Théâtre des Célestins, the amount being 250,000 francs. If the manager gets up a new piece, the Town will share the expense up to 30,000 francs. The Grand-Théâtre is to be open for seven months out of the twelve, and the Célestins all the year, but, during the summer, the latter may remain closed two days a week.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our Correspondent.)

The tenth Orchestral Concert of the present series, under M. Manns, proved one of the most attractive of this season. The programme was in all respects one of great excellence, and included Mr F. H. Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony, conducted by the composer. The concert opened with a charming rendering of Weber's *Oberon*, followed by Mr Cowen's symphony, No. 3, in C minor, "Scandinavian." So much has been written in your pages regarding this wonderfully successful work, that it only remains to me to record its reception in the North. The execution of the symphony was unquestionably one of the best I have heard. The composer conducted it without score, and was thus enabled to give his whole attention to the one point of conducting. The result was that every member of the band paid the greatest attention to the conductor's *bâton*. The first movement went very well, and at its close Mr Cowen received great applause. To judge, however, by the reception of the *Molto adagio* and *Scherzo*, these two movements were the most admired; moreover, the perfect rendering of them helped in great part to enlist the enthusiasm of all present. Mr Cowen was quite entitled to accept the wished for encores of both these numbers, but he wisely declined the honour. At the end of the symphony Mr Cowen was by acclamation re-called. Another important item in the programme was Schumann's Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, in A, Op. 54 (pianoforte, M. Louis Breitner). Nothing could be finer than the way in which the accompaniments were played to this work, but I am not quite sure that I was much pleased with the pianist's "reading" of it. Doubtless he possesses all necessary power of execution, and he is almost note-perfect in every bar, yet the effects sounded to me harsh and unsympathetic. All the same, the general public seemed to admire whatever he did, and he was very cordially received. In the second part he gave excerpts from the works of Rubinstein, Chopin, and Beethoven. These pieces were, in my opinion, better played than the concerto. Wagner's Orchestral Prelude to *Parsifal* opened the second part of the programme. For what reason I cannot make out, but the Prelude was by no means a success. The audience either did not understand the music, or they disliked it. Be that as it may, the orchestra under Mr Manns gave a rendering of it beyond cavi. Miss Julia Gaylord, as vocalist of the evening, sang Gomez' canzonetta, "Mia Piccerella," Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," and Thomas's "Dost thou know that sweet land," in all which she thoroughly pleased her audience.

Last Saturday's Popular Concert (on account of the absence of Mr Manns, whose duties necessitated his being at the Crystal Palace) was conducted by Mr F. H. Cowen, several of whose works were included in the programme. Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, the opening number, was admirably given, and was loudly applauded at the finish. The next orchestral piece was Mr Cowen's "Mélodie" and "A l'Espagnole," performed for the first time as orchestral pieces, they having been originally written for the piano. These short movements are written in Mr Cowen's happiest vein, at once catching, yet not containing a single bar which does not show the hand of a conscientious musician, and one who does not condescend to use any tricky devices. The "Mélodie" was peremptorily encoored, which request was acceded to. The "A l'Espagnole" was still more heartily re-demanded, but Mr Cowen did not gratify his friends by its repetition. Mr Cowen must be congratulated on the unqualified success which attended the first performance of his most charming little work. Mr Cowen's *Suite de ballet*, "The Language of the Flowers," sounded as fresh as the first time it was performed here. No. 5, *Tempo di Gavotte*, was, of course, encoored, and the whole was received with great warmth. The same composer's march from *The Maid of Orleans* was a shade disappointing, in so far as Mr Cowen has taught us to expect better things from his pen. Amongst other matters in the programme were Auber's overture to *Zanetta*; Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*; and Beethoven's Symphony, No. 2, in D (Op. 36). These received every justice at the hands of Mr Cowen and the admirable orchestra. It should be added that Mr Cowen conducted without score. Miss Annie Williams was so hoarse that she got through her labours with considerable difficulty, but nevertheless won high consideration.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

Miss Mary Krebs made her first appearance this season on Monday evening, having, we understand, travelled direct from St Petersburg, where, as well as at Moscow, remarkable success attended her performances. She was most cordially received by the audience, many of whom, no doubt, had watched her artistic career from childhood, and could recall every step of the advance she has made into the highest favour of English amateurs. Miss Krebs long ago ceased to be regarded here as a stranger and a foreigner. Constant to this country, always conveying an impression that she is glad to return to it, and invariably exhibiting qualities—such as earnestness and perseverance—of which Englishmen fancy themselves to be good judges, the Dresden pianist is credited with peculiar claims that receive ready acknowledgment, not only in London but throughout the provinces. She justified this special relationship by the manner of her playing on Monday evening—the more because a happy choice of solo had been made. There is nothing that Miss Krebs cannot execute like a true and accomplished artist, but if her powers are more strikingly shown in one class of music than another it is in the compositions of the older writers for the clavichord. The unerring accuracy with which she plays these, the perfect evenness of her touch, the distinctness of what we may call her articulation, and the vigour with which she meets in full all demands upon staying power, combine to produce a result as near perfection as possible. Amateurs had a great opportunity of noticing the fact in her performance of J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue (alla Tarantella)—a work rightly described by the annotator of the programme as among "the most individual, remarkable, and difficult pieces ever composed for a keyed instrument." In dealing with this exacting music Miss Krebs was thoroughly at her ease, having so little need to concern herself with mechanical obstacles that she yielded entirely to the impetuosity of the fugue, and worked it up to a peroration of enormous power. A more effective performance of Bach's music has rarely been given, and the audience, recognizing all its merit, called Miss Krebs to the platform again and again. In response she played Beethoven's Polonaise in C with unexceptionable skill and taste. The accomplished artist, associated with Mr Henry Holmes and Signor Piatti, afterwards performed Schumann's Trio in F (Op. 80), bringing into strong relief the distinctly Schumannesque qualities of that ripe work, and making a profound impression with the dreamy and beautiful slow movement. Mr Holmes's appearance as "leader" on this occasion was a distinct compliment to English art, seeing how rarely Mr Chappell feels himself justified in asking a native violinist to sit in the seat of Joachim, Straus, and Mme Néruda. No one, however little he may esteem native talent, will question Mr Holmes's claim to the position, recognized exponent as he is of classical chamber music on another platform. That he thinks for himself was made evident by the performance of Schubert's favourite quartet in D minor. We may not agree with his reading of the music throughout, certain passages being treated in what seemed to us a strained, not to say extravagant, spirit. There is always, however, something to be learned from an artist of independent ideas, on which account we have ere now suggested that the quartet leader should be more frequently changed at these concerts. Mr Holmes's solos were a melodious Ballade by his late talented brother Alfred, and Spohr's charming *Scherzo* in D (Op. 135). His execution of both met with all the approval that liberal applause could convey. Mozart's "Lento il pie" and Handel's "Cangio d'aspetto," sung by Miss Cravino, to the accompaniment of Mr Zerbini, likewise gratified the audience.—D. T.

ST. LOUIS.—The Mapleson opera company began a week's season of opera here this evening, with *I Puritani*, Mme Albani assuming the part of the heroine. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity and the whole performance passed off amid great enthusiasm. Mme Albani had only appeared once in this city, about eight years ago, at the beginning of her career. Since then her voice has matured and wonderfully increased in power and beauty, and it is now one of extraordinary range and sweetness; her phrasing is perfect, and her execution even and precise beyond all praise. Mme Albani dramatically is greatly superior to most of the prima donnas who belong to the class called light soprani, and in this respect she surpassed all the expectations of the St. Louis audience. She was obliged to repeat the polacca, called before the curtain at the conclusion of the act to be overwhelmed with costly floral tributes, and again after "Qui la voce," the closing duet with Ravelli, who sang and acted like a finished artist, was encoored. Galassi and Monti also acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience. The demand for seats to witness Albani as Elsa in *Lohengrin* is unprecedented. To-morrow, *Semiramide* will be given, with Patti and Scalchi in the cast. The Mapleson opera season gives every indication of success.—*New York Times*, (Jan. 22nd).

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Probably the greatest event in the history of music in the Southern Hemisphere has just taken place in this city, namely, the first Music Festival of Melbourne. The event was designed after the great festivals held in England, and it is not too much to say that it was in all respects a highly creditable imitation, and one reflecting honour on the promoter, all who took part in carrying it out, and the music-loving people of the colony who flocked to the various concerts in thousands. The project originated with Mr Julius Herz, a musician of acknowledged ability, who has been long resident in this city. The boldness of the enterprise was recognized by the promoter and the other leading musicians, who seconded Mr Herz in his design and co-operated with him; but happily there were in our midst gentlemen of taste and means, who determined that the idea should not be abandoned from fear of pecuniary loss; and eighty-four of those gave their personal guarantee to the extent of £25 each that the promoter should suffer no loss. Those gentlemen represented almost every class of the community—the legislature, the judicial bench, both branches of the legal profession, the medical profession, learning, trade, commerce, and music. A committee of forty ladies, headed by the Marchioness of Normanby (wife of his Excellency the Governor), Lady Stawell (wife of the Chief Justice), and Lady O'Loghlen (wife of the Premier), lent valuable aid to the undertaking. The festival consisted of six concerts, arranged as follows:—Saturday evening, 23rd December, Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*; Christmas evening, Handel's *Messiah*; Tuesday morning, 26th December, Mr Alfred Plumpton's festival cantata *Endymion* and a miscellaneous concert; Tuesday evening, 26th December, Herr Elsasser's *Songs of Praise* and a miscellaneous concert; Wednesday morning, 27th December, Beethoven's Grand Choral Symphony (the Ninth) and a miscellaneous concert; and Wednesday evening, 27th December, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. The festival concerts were held in the International Exhibition Building, Carlton Gardens, which still retains the fine organ erected for use during the Exhibition of 1880-1. In front of the organ are rows of benches rising tier above tier and capable of seating over 1,000 persons. During the festival, this vast space was filled to overflowing by a powerful and well-drilled chorus of male and female voices, including a number of boys. The ladies occupied the foreground and were dressed in white, wearing white head dresses with trimming of blue or red, the soprani displaying the former colour and the alti the latter. The gentlemen formed the background and wore rosettes of the colours named, the tenori blue, and the bassi red. The choir consisted of the entire chorus of the Melbourne Philharmonic Society, a volunteer choir from Geelong, trained by Mr S. McBurney, and a choir of alti boys specially trained by Mr W. Perraton. The full strength of the festival choir was as follows: soprani, 419; alti, 174; boys, 140; tenori, 177; bassi, 204—total 1,114. The orchestra for the festival was composed as follows: 1st violins, 23; 2nd violins, 25; violas, 15; violoncellos, 10; double basses, 11; flutes, 5; clarionets, 6; oboes, 2; bassoons, 3; horns, 5; trumpets, 3; cornets, 2; trombones, 4; tuba, 1; drums, 3; harps, 3—total, 120. Mr C. Truelove acted as librarian, and had six assistants. Mr Edward King was leader of the orchestra, and Mr F. Luttich the orchestral secretary. Mr Edward Miller was the honorary secretary of the Festival Committee, and the highest credit is due to that gentleman and enthusiastic musician for the able and zealous manner in which he discharged his laborious and onerous duties. The festival was opened by his Excellency the Governor, the Marquis of Normanby, to whom his Honour Sir William F. Stawell, the Chief Justice, as president of the Festival Committee, read an address, to which his Excellency made an encouraging reply. The soloists in *Eli* were—Miss Alice Rees, Miss Christian (R. A. M.), Mrs Cutter, Messrs Armes Beaumont, W. Walshe, F. Jolley, and Gordon Gooch (of New Zealand); Mr T. H. Guenett presided at the organ, and Mr Julius Herz acted as conductor. The oratorio was attended by a very large audience, the floor of the vast hall being well filled, and the spacious balconies also well patronized. *Eli* was first introduced into the colony by Mr Herz a few years ago, since which time it has been a great public favourite here. The performance of this fine dramatic oratorio on the occasion of the festival was such as would have met with the approval of the composer himself. The *Messiah* was heard by the largest audience ever assembled at a musical performance in Melbourne. The performance was stupendous, and so magnificent a success in every respect that it was repeated on Saturday night the 30th December. The soloists were—Misses Rees, Christian, and Rosina Carandini, Signora Palma, Messrs A. Beaumont and G. Gooch, and Signor Verdi; organist, Mr G. Peake; conductor, Mr Julius Siede. Mr Plumpton's cantata was composed for the occasion, the words being by Mr E. Exon. The composition is a really beautiful one, well sustaining the reputation which the

composer already possessed in England and Australia. The soloists were Misses Rees and Carandini, Mrs Cutter, Mr Beaumont, and Signor Verdi. Mdme Tasca was organist and Mr Plumpton himself conductor. The cantata was followed on the Tuesday morning by a concert in which the orchestra, conducted by Signor A. Zelman; Mdme Polk, Miss Kate Thayer, Mrs Cutter, Signor Coy, and Signor Verdi taking part. Herr Elsasser's *Songs of Praise* were also composed specially for the Festival, and form a very fine work indeed. The music was sung by Misses Carandini and A. King, Mrs Cutter, Signora Palma, Messrs Beaumont and Gooch, and Signor Coy; organist, Mr J. R. Edeson; the composer conducting his own work. Mr Elsasser's work was followed on the Tuesday evening by a concert to which the orchestra, conducted by Signor Zelman and Mr Siede, Misses Christian and Carandini, Signora Palma, Signor Coy, and Mr Gooch contributed. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed for the first time in Australia, to perfection, under the baton of Mr Herz. The soloists were—Miss Rees, Mrs Cutter, Mr Beaumont, and Signor Verdi; Mr Peake was at the organ. Then followed a Festival March and chorus, composed for the occasion by Herr Vogrich—a masterly composition; a vocal solo by Mdme Polk; two selections from Wagner by the orchestra, conducted by Herr Vogrich; and the third act of *Tannhäuser*, with Mdme Polk as Elizabeth, Signor Coy as Tannhäuser, Miss Rees as Venus, and Signor Verdi as Wolfram. Mr Edeson was at the organ, and Herr Vogrich acted as conductor. The Festival proper was brought to a close by a splendid performance of *Israel in Egypt*, with Miss Rees, Mrs Cutter, and Mr Beaumont as the soloists, Mr J. Summers the organist, and Mr Herz the conductor. The last concert of the festival—a ballad concert—was given on New Year's night, when the vocalists were Misses Rees, Christian, and Carandini, Mrs Cutter, Messrs W. Walshe, Beaumont, and Gooch; organists, Messrs Summers and Edeson; conductors, Messrs Siede, Herz, Alfred Moul, and Plumpton. The festival choir sang selections from *Israel in Egypt*, *Eli*, and *The Messiah*. The programme included a ballad, "The Flower's Message," words by Modesta, music by Alfred Moul, which was third in competition for prizes offered by the committee of the Festival for original compositions. The ballad was sung by Mr Beaumont, and at once became a favourite with those who heard it. Mr Moul accompanied his own ballad. It is to be regretted that the festival has not been a financial success, but its influence as an educational medium, and in developing musical talent in the colony, has, beyond doubt, been great. Mr Herz has been presented by the choir, principals, soloists, and orchestra, with a graceful address and a handsome souvenir of the first Melbourne Music Festival.

Melbourne, 3rd Jan., 1883.

J. L. T. F.

MR O'LEARY AT DERBY.

At a public meeting held in the Athenæum Rooms, Derby, last week, certificates were given to the local students who had passed their examination under the rules of the Royal Academy of Music. The chair was taken by Alderman Bemrose. Mr Arthur O'Leary, one of the professors of the Royal Academy, who had acted as examiner, distributed the certificates. Mr O'Leary, in an address to the meeting, took occasion to remark on the recent development of musical studies in England and on the higher rank now generally accorded to music in the public estimation. Not many years ago, he said, music was struggling against a feeling of apathy which pervaded the entire country, and the only institution in England to whose fostering care the neglected art was committed, could at that time barely manage to exist. The local examinations instituted by the Royal Academy of Music had stimulated the desire to know more of the serious side of music. After pointing out the mistaken tendency which was sometimes shown in the junior section of the examinations to look upon the task set as too insignificant, the speaker said that the real artist manifested his power as much in expression as in mechanical difficulties, which astonished more than they pleased. There was a great deal to learn in the simplest music. The deplorable habit had yet to be overcome of looking upon music as a mere amusement. Music could only flourish when treated seriously—and to the student who paid it serious attention it afforded pleasure of the highest kind—pure and intellectual. They could not wonder at the prejudice which they found among certain circles when they considered the inanity of many of the songs to which they were compelled to listen, and the vulgarity of the imported operatic burlesque. In England they had a unique treasure in their madrigals and glees—sentimental, serious, or humorous. Mr O'Leary then distributed the prizes and certificates. At the close of the meeting votes of thanks were given to Mr O'Leary, to Alderman Bemrose, and to those who had taken part in the proceedings of the evening.

GUSTAVE DORÉ AND ALEXANDER DUMAS.

It appears that the colossal statue of the elder Dumas, of which I saw the plaster cast recently in Gustave Doré's studio, is now being cast in bronze. M. Clarétie tells his readers how it came to pass that Doré was commissioned to execute the work. The committee first applied to M. Paul Dubois, but he was too busy to accept the offer, and therefore proposed that the work should be divided among several of his pupils. The original idea was to erect some such structure as the Scott Monument at Edinburgh, with the novelist in the middle, and round about him the heroes and heroines of romance who owed their being to him. It was then suggested that Doré should be asked to give an idea for the monument—the merest sketch. The very next day he brought a drawing of the statue as it now stands, representing the great novelist sitting in so natural an attitude as to be lifelike, his large, coarse features, of a distinctly negro type, illumined with a genial good-humoured smile. The pedestal is adorned by two *bas-reliefs*—one consisting of a group of men and women reading a novel by Dumas, while a workman listens to the wondrous tale; and the other representing a musketeer holding in his hand the sword which carries him triumphantly through all his adventures. The design was voted a success, and when the artist was complimented on its conception he offered to carry it out for nothing as a tribute to the great inventor of the century. It is to be erected on the Place Malesherbes, and the sculptor doubtless looked forward with delight to the day when he should see his own creation standing in a public square in Paris. This glory has been denied to him, no less than that of completing his illustrations of Shakspeare. On the day before he died he said, "I must soon get about again; I have got my Shakspeare to finish." I believe he intended this to be the *magnum opus* of his life. The subject was evidently much on his mind, and for many months Doré, in the course of conversation, came back again and again to discussion upon the way in which Shakspeare had already been illustrated in England, and to expounding of his own ideas as to the manner in which this should be done, especially with respect to the part which archaeology should play in the presentment of historical scenes composed in a romantic and dramatic spirit.

It is hardly necessary to add that M. Alexandre Dumas *filz* displayed his gratitude to the generous artist by following his remains to the grave, and expressing in an eloquent oration heartfelt thanks for Doré's spontaneous tribute to the memory of Dumas the elder. The funeral service at St. Clotilde—a most impressive ceremony—was attended by a large number of prominent artists and literary men, among whom may be mentioned MM. Bastien Lepage, Detaille, De Neuville, Lambert, Faure, Pagans, Aine, and Pailleron. The magnificent Gothic structure, second among Paris churches to Notre Dame alone, was crowded, indeed, with admirers and personal friends of the deceased. The splendid lines of the grand nave were rendered still more imposing by the graceful black and silver drapery suspended from below the handsome stained window. In the midst was erected a tall catafalque, emblazoned with the initial "D" on a silver cross, and at each corner rose a stately silver lampadaire, burning a flickering green flame, contrasting artistically with the myriads of candles round the chancel and over the altar. A full choral service, admirably sustained in its vocal and instrumental parts, was performed, while the rites were rendered still more impressive by the presence of a company of the 31st Foot, under the orders of a captain, whose shrill word of command as he bade the soldiers kneel or present arms at the elevation of the Host rang out from time to time amid the harmony of the "Dies Iræ" and "Agnus Dei" chanted by the choir. At the close of the funeral mass the coffin was placed on the bier and covered with wreaths. Some of these were inscribed with the names of the contributors. Thus the *Monde Illustré*, the committee for erecting a statue to Dumas, and the Corporation of Engravers sent floral offerings, and a superb wreath of white lilac and violets bore the inscription, *Society of French Painters in Water Colours*. The remains were conveyed to the Père Lachaise Cemetery, where short, but heartfelt speeches were made by M. Paul Dalloz and M. Alexandre Dumas. The chief mourners were Colonel Emile Doré, of the Artillery, and M. Ernest Doré, brothers of the lamented artist.—C. C.

Boston, (U.S.).—Basing his decision on the principle that the publication of a mere vocal or pianoforte arrangement does not justify a composer in writing and publishing an orchestral score of another composer's work, Judge Lowell, in the United States Circuit Court, granted at the suit of Theodore Thomas an injunction against Joseph G. Lennon prohibiting a performance as advertised by him of Gounod's *Redemption* with full "orchestral accompaniment," that accompaniment not being the work of Gounod himself.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The ninth and last but three of the present series of Mr John Boosey's concerts at St James's Hall on Wednesday evening was devoted to old English ballads, having for exponents M^{me} Antoinette Sterling, M^{me} Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Mary Davies, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Harper Kearton, Maybrick, Santley, and the South London Choral Association, assisted by M^{me} Norman-Néruda (violin) and M^{me} Menter (pianoforte). The success, we need scarcely add, was immense, each artist being "called" or "encored." The greatest successes were Morley's "It was a lover and his lass" (M^{me} Antoinette Sterling), Horn's "Through the wood" (M^{me} Lemmens Sherrington), "The three Ravens" (M^{me} Sterling), Savile's "Here's a health to his Majesty" and "The Vicar of Bray" (Mr Santley), and Callcott's "Friend of the Brave" (Mr Maybrick). Equal effect was produced by M^{me} Norman-Néruda in Vieuxtemps' "Air varié" and Wieniawski's "Mazurka," and M^{me} Menter in two pieces by Chopin, the Choral Society gaining much applause after Hamilton's humorous glee, "Dame Durden." Mr Sidney Naylor, as usual, accompanied like a thorough musician.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.*

Oh, sing that little song again,
Come, sing it o'er and o'er,
That I may hear my mother's voice,
As in the days of yore;
I know she's happy now above,
But aye it seems to me
That in the echoes of her song
My mother sings to me.

Again I see the dear old home,
Long, long since passed away,
And mother seated by the fire
As if 'twere yesterday;
Still fancy thrills with fadeless joy,
And mem'ry's wreaths are hung
Around the voice that's silent now,
When mother's song is sung.

Then sing my mother's song again,
I love it more and more,
Because I know she sings it still,
Upon the deathless shore.
No other song can charm me now,
Sweet though the accents be,
Like that my mother used to sing
In childhood's days to me.

*Copyright.

WETSTAR.

M. OBERTHÜR has received the following letter accompanied by a gold breast-pin in the form of a harp, studded with brilliants:—

Cabinet du Roi, Palais de Bruxelles,

3rd February, 1883.

SIR,—The Queen has received the two copies of your compositions dedicated to Her Majesty, as also two copies of your sketches entitled "Gipsy Girl," "Gondolier," and "Blind Girl."

It affords the Queen great pleasure to play these charming pieces, and I am charged to express to you Her Majesty's best thanks for your kind attention accompanied, as a proof of Her Majesty's regards, by a souvenir consisting of a breast-pin, which you will find enclosed with these lines.

Accept, Sir, the assurance of my distinguished consideration,

THE SECRETARY OF THE KING,
COUNT PAUL DE BORCHGRAVE.

To Mr Oberthür,

1st Professor of the Harp at the London Academy of Music.

ST JAMES'S HALL.
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19, 1883,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in E minor, Op. 45, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Spohr)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Gretchen am Spinnrade" (Schubert)—Miss Thudichum; Three Musical Sketches, "The Lake, the Millstream, and the Fountain," for pianoforte alone (Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

PART II.—Sonata, in D minor, Op. 12, for pianoforte and violoncello, first time (Gersheim)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Signor Piatti; Songs, "It was a dream" (Lassen) and "Quel ruscelletto" (Paradies)—Miss Thudichum; Trio, in D minor, Op. 49, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.
 Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 17, 1883,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in E flat, Op. 58, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Spohr)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Spiegel amate" (Gluck)—Miss Santley; Two Studies, in B flat minor and F major, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—Mlle Marie Krebs; Quartet, in G minor, Op. 25, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Brahms)—Mlle Marie Krebs, Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. Hollander and Piatti; Song, "Children" (Arthur Cecil)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in B flat, No. 10, for pianoforte and violin (Mozart)—Mlle Marie Krebs and Mme Norman-Néruda.
 Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLOLL (OR FROLL) OF THE OUT-ISLES.—All right. The father of the M—s M—e of whom you speak was a great friend of Mr Diahley Peters, and contributed many letters to the *Musical World* concerning the much talked-of Raphael picture. And, in fact, who has not Mr Peters known more or less familiarly? It was his fate to know everybody.

ANTI-WHISTLER.—True. In Emile Zola's description of Renée's boudoir (*La Curée*) we find a "symphony in yellow minor" (*Symphonie en jaune mineur*). Anti-Whistler should have subscribed himself Ante-Whistler. Ask Mr Shaver Silver, who, following in the wake of Honoré de Balzac, M. Zola's immediate precursor, has himself read and illuminated all these "many books from France" (Coventry Patmore), intending to complete the "*Human Comedy*," in which the famous author of the infamous *Physiologie* had but advanced half-way. Let not M. Zola thwart him; for M. Zola is newly swamped in the quagmire out of which De Balzac soared with "mighty pens," getting as far superlunary as was in him. S. S. must admit that the "Curée" was somewhat speedily cured—"for" (Burnand) having seen and known all that could be seen and known in Paris, she tells her coachman to drive to the Hotel Bérard, where she died in the arms of her old neglected father, who pays her debts, including a "note" from M. Worms, amounting to 257,000 francs. How the man who could pourtray Helene and Jeanne could also pourtray Maxime and Octave escapes the subtlest intelligence.

BIRTHS.

On February the 9th, at 16, Ovington Gardens, South Kensington, the wife of FREDERICK A. JEWSON, of a son.

On February the 11th, at 29, Solon Road, Acre Lane, Brixton, the wife of FRANCIS A. B. JEWSON of a son.

DEATH.

On the 11th of February, at Ribblesdale House, Sydenham, of scarlet fever, SAMUEL AUGUSTUS, second son of Major FLOOD PAGE, aged 10.

On Dec. 21st, 1882, at Eaglehawk, Sandhurst, Australia, WILLIAM JOHN, youngest son of R. Jeffs, 244, Regent Street, W.

MME ALBANI has presented the minister of St Joseph's Church, Albany, state of New York, where she was once organist, with a cheque for 250 dollars.

The municipal authorities have unanimously decided that the funeral of the late Richard Wagner shall be held at the expense of the town of Bayreuth.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S diamonds have realized 178,210 francs—unfortunately, a mere trifle compared with her liabilities.—*Times*.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1883.

ON THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS

IN THE ROMAN FORUM AND BEHIND THE PANTHEON.

(Dedicated to Guido Baccelli, Italian Minister for Public Instruction.)

The following lines relate to the excavations made in the Forum, and to the long-looked-for demolition of the worthless modern buildings which so disfigured the back of the Pantheon, now seen from the Piazza della Minerva; hence the allusion to that goddess in the poem.

Sig. Baccelli, the first Roman citizen a member of the Italian Government, was the first to undertake the difficult task of restoring the Forum to its ancient level, which, besides conducing to most interesting discoveries, greatly enhances the splendour of the monuments.

The Forum was lately visited by King Humbert, who complimented Sig. Baccelli most enthusiastically upon what he considered a splendid undertaking.

For details on the subject we refer our readers to the letters of the *Times*' Roman correspondent—himself a distinguished archaeologist.

"On! dauntless Guido! till no single mound
 Conceals the level of this classic ground,
 Where Rome's best lovers, thy forefathers, trod,
 And ev'ry temple's worthy of its god.
 Contemn, as thou art wont, the outcry raised
 By odious envy, doom'd to hear thee praised:
 Lay bare the Forum's treasures Time has left,
 'Twill guide the sage, and hinder future theft."

"See how th' imposing remnants of the Fanes
 Sublimer rise, to recompense thy pains!
 Behold Severus' Arch, like Constantine's,
 Seen from its base, assumeth prouder lines,
 And spans the road it scarcely reach'd before
 Thou cam'st its ancient glory to restore."

"But not alone the Forum speaks thy care,
 For the Pantheon, too, must have its share:
 The "Father of His Country,"* there entombed,
 Beckons, and modern palaces are doomed
 To fall, where'er their walls obstruct the dome
 Whose title still suggests the name of Rome.
 The glorious temple, isolated now,
 Minerva views, and her contracted brow
 Relaxing, bends on thee approving eyes:
 Ne'er faileth she to smile upon the wise!"

"On, noble Guido! 'neath thine eagle eye,
 Let spade and pickaxe with fresh ardour ply:
 Pursue thy course, enlighten Hist'ry's page,
 And show mankind (to shame the careless age)
 A statesman jealous of his country's name,
 The guardian of the works that won her fame."

MORRIS-MOORE, JUNR.

Rome, February, 1883.

THE arrangements for the Great Handel Festival of 1883 (again to be held in the Crystal Palace) are now well forward; the dates fixed are June 13, 16, 18, and 20. Sir Michael Costa has again accepted the post of conductor, which he has filled with such distinguished ability at every festival since the preliminary one of 1857. Among the engagements of soloists, made or pending, are those of Mmes Albani and Valleria, Trebelli and Patey, Anna Williams and Annie Marriott; Signor Foli and Messrs Edward Lloyd, Maas, Santley, Bridson, and F. King.

* The Pantheon, as is well known, contains the ashes of King Victor Emanuel, by his fellow-countrymen so deservedly entitled: "The Father of His Country."

Wagner.

A Reuter's telegram from Venice, dated February 13th, says:—"Richard Wagner, the celebrated composer, died here at 4 o'clock this afternoon."

With the death of Richard Wagner a masterful spirit made its final exit from the stage whereon the drama of life is played. At present, those who concern themselves with the things which occupied him are conscious of this and little more. We have an uneasy sense of a great disappearance; of an immense void, such as might be created by the vanishing of a brilliant star, or the downfall in some familiar forest-glade of a royal oak. The phenomenon has not yet been comprehended. It belongs still to the domain of feeling, and the more completely since it was unexpected. True, Wagner had nearly reached the age beyond which, as a great Scriptural poet has said, man's strength is but labour and sorrow. He could stretch forth his hand and touch the proverbial limit of human life, but, to the world's perception, there were no signs of failing power. At Bayreuth, only a few months ago, he gave full proof that his strength had not decayed, neither had his natural force abated; while only a few weeks have passed since we knew him active in the Italian city where at this moment he lies dead. The end having come, we can hardly believe that Wagner is no longer with us. He filled so large a space and had filled it so long, he was such a vast and positive personality, that we look and look again at the sudden void as Aladdin might have gazed, incredulous, upon the site of his vanished palace. Slow, moreover, are we to associate the idea of peace and rest with one whose life was a storm, and whose name has been until now synonymous with unceasing conflict. The proud and ardent warrior has, nevertheless, sheathed his redoubtable sword, and put off his armour, dinted with many blows. For Wagner there is an end of strife and ambition. These are buried with him, and, even as he is at rest, so, let us hope, will peace reign for a time around his grave. "Death," says Washington Irving, "extinguishes all animosities." In its presence, the noise of discordant voices should be hushed, and rivalry should prevail only in efforts to write, as on monumental brass, a just eulogium. The time for criticism and arguments leading to a final verdict upon Wagner will come in due course. When it arrives, those who opposed the master living will not shrink from maintaining their position. Principles are more than persons, and there may be undue sacrifice to sentiment. For the present, let us all cry true, and together contemplate the fact that "a prince and a great man" has fallen.

Hereafter, when Richard Wagner's biography has been written with all the fulness of which it is capable, and when men can read it with eyes undimmed by the smoke, and minds unwarping by the passion, of controversy, the life just ended will have a supreme fascination. In this the mere lover of romance cannot fail to share with the student of human nature, for the records of artistic men present little that is equal in interest to Wagner's story. It is eminently a touching story, appealing to our sympathies, and absorbing our attention as that only can which tells how, from poverty and obscurity, from out the great mass of indistinguishable human atoms, a bold spirit rose to lofty heights of power and to a fame that compassed the world. It is nothing to the purpose that we cannot approve all the means whereby such a hero elevates himself. Even in his weaknesses and sins we recognize the humanity he supremely represents—our own humanity, glorified or abased in the measure of which we feel it to be capable. Hence the narrative of Wagner's career is one that takes a firm grip at the beginning and holds us to the end. We see a young man full of vague ambitions and uncertain whither to direct his steps. He is dimly conscious of power, but knows not the precise form in which it should be manifested. Contact with the greatest of all tone-poets solves the problem, and the voice of Beethoven, speaking through his symphonies, calls the youth into the ranks of music. Yet even then the path was not clear. So undecided was it that a slight alteration in outward circumstances might have turned the future master into a road very different from that which he travelled. As a comfortable Kapellmeister, or as an artist in the pay of an indulgent patron, a Wagner was possible with whose name the world would not now be ringing. Adversity, so often the nurse and friend of genius, took him in hand, and led him by ways strewn with thorns and briers. Suffering developed him. In that hard and stern, yet beneficent school, he became a man, with revenges to take and passions to indulge, it is true; but also, with definite and lofty aims which should startle and anger the world that had refused to befriend him. Then began a struggle without a parallel in art. For some time it was one man against a host—one voice

against the mighty utterance of many nations; a formula promulgated by a teacher without pupils against the universal creed. We talk, and that rightly of the courage of Luther. Let us rank as at least equal therewith the courage of Wagner. Both of these crusaders in different fields were fitted for a work impossible to pliable natures and the utterers of soft words. They rode roughshod over beliefs and feelings; they attacked without stopping to discriminate; and fulminated from their respective pulpits without nice distinctions. In the end both commanded universal attention, and lived to reap a harvest of success. It is, perhaps, impossible to estimate the strain of such a conflict, carried on through many fierce years, amid alternations of hope and whatever, with a nature like Wagner's, comes nearest to despair; but we can, at least, recognize, and to some extent, appreciate an almost superhuman power which makes us proud of our common humanity. Likewise can we enter some little way into the joy of purposes achieved and obstacles overcome. It is true that Wagner did not, like Alexander, live to subdue the world. He died with the wary of unconquered foes ringing in his ears; but the triumph of Bayreuth in 1876 was surely enough for even his ambition. The solitary prophet of thirty years before, lifting up a voice which no man regarded, then saw himself at the head of a host summoned from all parts of the globe. We may reject Wagner's teachings, and proclaim them inimical to the best interests of music, but we cannot refuse to lay upon his grave the tribute due to those great qualities which often make an epoch in history.

Without entering upon debateable ground, it is possible now to consider what is implied in the sudden extinction of Wagner's astonishing individuality. Such a man cannot be withdrawn from a militant organization without grave results. He was not only the head, but the heart and soul of the "ism" called by his name. He not only devised, but executed. The strategy and the tactics were his; his, too, was the sword that flashed at the head of the line. There have been few similar cases of dependence upon a single person, while it frequently happens that the founder of a "cultus" remains in the background, leaving apostles to represent him before the world. In such a case the chief may disappear, and his followers maintain an unbroken front. With Wagner, however, it is as though Napoleon had fallen while yet victory trembled in the balance. That there are able men among the master's lieutenants no one will dispute, but hitherto they have only been instruments in his powerful hand. Briefly, Wagnerism is a personal thing, and we cannot but ask the question, What will happen now that the genius which inspired it has departed? This is certain: the principles and practices of the dead man's new art have entered into a serener region, illuminated by a purer and steadier light. Criticism, let us never forget, is not superior to the source whence it emanates. It partakes of the foibles of humanity, and hitherto there has been no hope of separating it from the influences of unreflecting admiration on the one hand, and reckless hostility on the other. A man like Wagner calls forth these influences in a marked degree. He is loved and disliked equally—in both cases to a passionate extent, while in each strong feeling necessarily tinges the medium through which criticism regards its object. Death modifies, if it does not remove, the misleading sentiment. It takes away the personality, leaving the principle disembodied for consideration as a principle and naught else. Now, therefore, begins the test of Wagnerism, apart from Wagner, and under conditions more favourable than ever to a just decision. It is proverbially rash to anticipate the judgments of the future, and to do so here might raise points of undesirable controversy. Still no fervid follower of the great departed musician will quarrel with us for saying that in years to come, when the ashes of recent controversy are cold, when the war-cries we have heard are forgotten, when the battles we have seen fought belong to legend, and mouldering weapons gathered from the field are shown in museums, men will assemble round the grave of Richard Wagner to honour one who rendered true service to art. By that time the law ordaining the "survival of the fittest" will have done its goodly work; art will have appropriated whatever in Wagner's teaching was sound and good—and there was much—while his errors—and there were many—will have fallen harmless to the earth, as sharing the mortality of him by whom, in human weakness, they were cherished.—D. T.

The event which has marked the progress of the week just expiring is one of grave importance to Art and its followers generally. Richard Wagner is dead. How much this sentence conveys will be best understood by those who have followed the career of this extraordinary man from beginning to end—disciples or antagonists can matter little. A grand and imposing phenomenon has vanished into space, leaving its predominant influence still

to act upon the world at large—the world of Art in particular. The progress of Wagner, during successive stages, is of itself a curious and absorbing study. The Wagner tree, sprung from a solitary acorn, has expanded inch by inch, through sometimes imperceptible evolutions, into a giant oak, stretching its arms over the entire domain of Art-culture, now overshadowing with dire despondency, almost as often scattering welcome beams of light—as though some fairies, ensconced within the leaves of its topmost branches, took pity on humanity, and, with signals unmistakable, showed that perpetual gloom was not the absolute necessity of our being, and that a more bright and cheerful prospect for Art might be reckoned on with confidence, by those who, loving Art seriously, worshipped it with sincerity, and thoroughly believed in its future influence for good. These, in fact, could never, by any, however powerful, illusion, be persuaded that impenetrable gloom was an absolute necessity, or that pessimism was a decree of Providence. And to this encouraging look-out, it must be admitted, by all who have read his books, treatises, and pamphlets connecting Art with politics, that Wagner has occasionally administered real and eloquent support. Half pessimist (in regard to the theories and productions of others), pure optimist (in regard to his own), that Wagner—however swayed to the singular course of action marking his life and Art-career—believed he had hit upon the right thing, in his elaborate treatise, *Oper und Drama*, and the aptest way of exemplifying it, in his dramatic works, from *Tannhäuser* to *Parsifal*, will scarcely be denied by intelligent, impartial, and even comparatively indifferent observers. At the same time his aggressive temperament, his intolerance of contradiction in any form, and his often almost cruel depreciation of those who had laboured before him, to say nothing about some of his more eminent contemporaries, created a host of enemies; while, on the other hand, his persuasive eloquence, in many instances, and that towering individuality which seemed to convey the incontrovertible fact that he was made to domineer over men whom he instinctively regarded as inferiors, brought around him a community of adorers, who went beyond the exclamation of zealous Mahomedans, and protested with wild and indiscriminate enthusiasm (executing the dances of the Dervishes of the Temple) “There is but one Wagner, and Wagner is his prophet”—for that, and that alone, was his ideal of supremacy. What he uttered *must be truth*—truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. However, he has now unexpectedly, and with universal regret, gone from among us. He was conspicuous among the notable figures of the time, and has been a world’s talk for thirty years and more. It will now be the duty of conscientious critics, fitted by nature for the task, to weigh his pretension in the balance, to gauge the significance of his doctrines, and discuss the positive and comparative worth of his productions as exemplars of those doctrines. That the task will be carefully fulfilled throughout may be safely conjectured. Meanwhile, in respect of this very extraordinary man, the old French saying, “*Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!*” cannot apply. Wagner is dead; but who existing among us can be accepted as his heir?—*Graphic*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—In Memoriam, Richard Wagner. The whole of the programme of the first Saturday Concert in March will be devoted to selections from the compositions of the illustrious composer whose death has just been announced.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH JOACHIM has succeeded in obtaining a money grant from the State for the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. The latter may play at concerts of any of the Royal Institutions, and continue to give concerts of their own; but, in return for the grant, are bound not to appear at private concerts without Professor Joachim’s permission. This permission is permanently accorded as far as regards Stern’s Vocal Association and the Singakademie, but does not embrace Willner’s popular Subscription Concerts, as Professor Joachim requires the services of the orchestra for twelve Subscription Concerts under his own direction in the Singakademie.

CONCERTS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of the seventy-first season was given on Thursday evening, at St James’s Hall, before a very large audience. The programme consisted of Sterndale Bennett’s Overture, *The Naiads*; a Selection from Beethoven’s *Ruins of Athens*; Gounod’s Romance, “Le Vallon; the Dead March in Handel’s *Saul* (in memory of Richard Wagner, who died at Venice on Tuesday, February 13th); the Introduction to Wagner’s *Parsifal*; Beethoven’s Choral Fantasia; Mendelssohn’s “Scotch” Symphony; Aria, “Zeffiretti lusinghieri,” from Mozart’s *Idomeneo*; Pianoforte Solos by Chopin; and “l’Invitation à la Valse” of Weber, arranged for Orchestra by Berlioz. The singers were Miss Santley and Mr F. King. Mme Menter was the pianist. Further particulars in our next. Mr W. G. Cousins conducted.

After a long and severe illness Mlle Victoria de Bunsen—says the *City Press*—has resumed her place in the ranks of public favourites, her splendid voice being happily unimpaired. Last week, in conjunction with this popular singer and her sister, Mlle Felicia de Bunsen, well known as a pianist and composer of considerable ability, gave a *soirée* at their residence, 41, George Street, Portman Square, at which some two hundred visitors were present. The musical portion of the proceedings proved exceedingly interesting, an excellent selection of songs and instrumental pieces being given. Mlle Victoria de Bunsen gave with admirable expression and taste the Goethers’ song from *Dinorah*, and one of those Swedish melodies for the rendering of which she is so justly popular, and in each case the effect was most satisfactory. Later in the evening she joined M. Hollman in a duet for voice and violoncello, in which both performers were heard to great advantage. The entertainment proved of a most agreeable character and hearty congratulations were showered upon the accomplished vocalist on her complete recovery. The Misses de Bunsen were assisted by Miss Francis, Signor Vergara, Herr de Lövenstjerne (a Swedish tenor), Mons. Hollman, and Signor Li Calsi. The large music-room was tastefully decorated with coloured drapery, and the artists’ platform with evergreens and other beautiful plants. A “dance” followed the concert, and during the interval supper was served in the drawing-rooms, the dance being kept up till the “small hours of the morning.”

MR SINCLAIR DUNN’S third annual concert took place at the Royal Academy of Music on Tuesday evening last. The concert-giver was well supported on the platform, the artists being Mrs Irene Ware, Misses Augusta Arnold, and Effie Clements (who kindly volunteered her services for Miss Kate Bentley, unavoidably absent), Messrs Sinclair Dunn, Arthur Burrows (substitute for Mr Hulbert Fulkerson), Egbert Roberts, and Edward Grime. Miss Margaret Gyde (Thalberg Scholar, R. A. M.) was the pianist, and Messrs W. G. Wood and E. O. Kiver were the conductors. The concert opened with Pissuti’s Serenade, “In this hour of softened splendor,” given with pleasing effect by Mrs Ware, Miss Arnold, Messrs Burrows and Grime. The first-named lady afterwards received an encore for “I love my Love” (Vinning), to which she responded, reaping a like favour for her second song, “Golden Love” (Wellings). Miss Augusta Arnold, a contralto of promise, sang with taste “Oh, that we two were Maying!” (Gounod), and “Il segreto” (Donizetti). Mr Dunn selected “Dalla sua pace” (Mozart), “In the Moonlight” (Lady Hill)—(encored, responding with “The Macgregors’ gathering,” loudly applauded), and “My own, my guiding Star” (Macfarren), in all of which he showed growing artistic proficiency. “Big Ben,” and “The King and the Miller of the Dee,” served to exhibit Mr Egbert Roberts’ “deep bass” to advantage; and Mr Grime was re-called for his rendering of “The Storm Fiend,” when he gave in response “The Diver.” Mr Burrows was evidently suffering from a cold, and, therefore, it would be hardly fair to note the imperfections which marred what would otherwise have been an artistic setting of the songs set down for him. In Chopin’s Polonaise in A flat, “Rondeau à la Berceuse” (Walter Macfarren), and “Valse brillante” (Mosznowski), Miss Margaret Gyde showed powers of execution of no mean order. Costa’s Trio, “Non e la vaga rosa,” given by Mrs Ware, Miss Arnold, and Mr Dunn, brought a capital entertainment to a successful close. Mr W. G. Wood was an able accompanist.—*WETSTAR*.

PROVINCIAL.

LEAMINGTON.—Miss Holcroft Jeaffreson’s concert, which took place on the 9th of February at the Music Hall, attracted a large and fashionable audience, and was a decided success. She sang “Connais tu le pays” from *Mignon*, and a new English song, “In the North Countree,” in finished style, obtaining hearty and general applause. Miss Jeaffreson was assisted by Miss Clara Samuel and Miss Hilda Wilson.

BRIGHTON.—At her second Recital in the Pavilion last Saturday afternoon, Madame Sophie Menter's brilliant gifts stood out even more prominently than on the occasion of her first visit to Brighton. On the date under notice Madame Menter's selection of music was both interesting and attractive. Her hearers were naturally desirous to compare, with those of other great artists, the lady's interpretation of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, and were equally pleased to listen to musical numbers of less calibre but uniting enormous technical difficulties with melodious charm. That Madame Menter's reading of the Sonata was by the light of her special school, and that her strongest points were made in the first and the final *Allegro* (Presto) rather than in the *Andante* need not be insisted on, while it should be stated that the performance was altogether a fine one, setting forth in a remarkable degree the artist's power of obtaining orchestral effects from her pianoforte. Among the successes of the afternoon were Scarlatti examples played with automatically perfected mechanism; Liszt's transcription of Schubert's *Erl King*; Chopin's Study on the Black Keys; Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," and lastly Liszt's "Don Juan" Fantasia, which concluded the concert with much *éclat*.—H. C. B.

CAMBRIDGE.—At a popular concert given by the Musical Society of Queen's College on Saturday evening in the Sturton Town Theatre, Mr Digby, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Rev. A. Wright, assistant tutor of the college, who presided, and to the performers, said that the slight friction between the town and University showed signs of disappearing, as during the evening he had received a communication from the Vice-Chancellor giving permission to Miss Alleyne's Shakesperian Company to perform in that theatre for three nights during full term. St. Andrew's Hall, too, will be opened for three nights. The town authorities, however, intend to persevere in their resolution to petition Parliament to remove those clauses from the Theatre Act, which give the University control over dramatic performances.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our Correspondent.)

At the Grand Opera, Mdme Montalban has appeared for the first time as Rachel in *La Juive*, and produced a favourable impression. M. Salomon as Léopold was not so fortunate, and the comparisons instituted in the press and elsewhere between him and Villaret in the same part are not to his advantage.

The *Henry VIII.* of M. Saint-Saëns is in rehearsal; but it is impossible to say when it will be ready. The public have been successively informed that its production would take place at the beginning of February; on the 15th of February; and at the end of February. Persons competent to give an opinion affirm it will not see the footlights before the middle of March. Should this be so, it will not have a very long run with the original cast, for M. Lassalle has announced that on the 15th May, having fulfilled his engagement with M. Vaucorbeil, he will start on a long concert-tour, commencing at Christiana, and terminating—but not till months afterwards—in the South of France. If the tour comes off, which is not quite certain, it will be necessary to find some one for the character "created" by him. The two twin Terpsichorean stars, Mdles Rita Sangalli and Rosita Mauri, are once more fascinating M. Vaucorbeil's patrons. The former young lady is again dancing in *Sylvia*, and the latter, having completely recovered from the accident which necessitated for so long her absence from the stage, has re-appeared in *La Korrigane*, and been received with rapture. In honour of the event, she gave a grand supper two days afterwards, at the Café de l'Opéra, to her fellow-members of the ballet, and to a few exceptionally-favoured outsiders, among whom were the authors of *La Korrigane*, and those of *La Farandole*, the next ballet in which the captivating Rosita will sustain the principal part, and which will be produced ere long.

Two important works have been revived at the Opéra-Comique: Adolphe Adam's *Giralda* and Herold's *Zampa*. The former was first produced at the same theatre in 1850, and the history of its production proves that even managers with a reputation for exceptional shrewdness and business tact are not always infallible. When *Giralda* was completed, Scribe and Adolphe Adam, librettist and composer respectively, offered it to the gentleman who then ruled over the destinies of the Opéra-Comique, M. Perrin, afterwards manager of the Grand Opera, and now at the head of the Théâtre-Français. But M. Perrin, having just had a great success with Halévy's *Val d'Andorre*, and thinking works of that description the only ones suitable for his theatre, would have

nothing to say to Scribe and Adolphe Adam. At length, in two years time, being hard pressed for novelty, he was compelled, much against his inclination, to accept the despised score, and bring it out on the 20th July, 1850. To his surprise, it proved a great success. The first representative of the leading part was a young lady named Mdle Felix Miolan, at present better known as Mdme Miolan-Carvalho. Twelve years later the work was again performed at the Opéra-Comique, Mdle Marimon being the heroine, and it was also revived at the Théâtre-Lyrique by M. A. Vinentini, when that gentleman was manager there six years ago. The part of the heroine is now sustained by Mdle Merguillier, who acquits herself admirably. On the first night she was much applauded throughout, but her greatest triumph was in the air: "Mon mari, mon vrai mari," which fairly brought down the house. Mdle Esther Chevalier made the most of the Queen, a very ungrateful character. As Don Manoël, the Prince of Arragon, and the Miller, Ginès, MM. Bertin, Taskin, and Grivot, respectively, contributed their fair share to the success. The band and chorus went well; the scenery and dresses were excellent. The revival of Herold's *Zampa* has not quite come up to public expectation, though the performance is not a bad one. Mdle Mézeray is the new Camille and M. Stéphane, *Zampa*. They both acquitted themselves creditably and are well supported by Mdle Chevalier, as Rita; M. Mouliérat, as Alphonse de Monza; M. Grivot, as Daniel; and Barnolt, as Dandolo. The next revival is to be that of Félicien David's *Perle du Brésil*, with Mdle Emma Nevada as Zora. She will sing the recitatives added by the composer. With this exception, the work will be given in its original form, wherein spoken dialogue largely figured. Every effort is being made to get out M. Léo Delibes' *Lakmé*, but in all probability the curtain will not rise on it for another month at least. According to report, it is to be put on the stage with unusual splendour and to be backed up by exceptional choreographic attractions. Referring to this fact, M. Arthur Pougin makes the following observations:

"M. Carvalho, it appears, is going to spend money on a gorgeous ballet. I confess that the necessity for this choreographic element does not strike me as absolutely proved. M. Carvalho's mania is to make his theatre a satellite of the Grand Opera; he already plays grand lyrical drama without dialogue; he pushes scenic magnificence as far as it is possible to do so; he now contemplates assigning a very important place to dancing; and some of these days will, perhaps, resolve on bringing out a regular ballet. When he has thoroughly confounded the style and character of his own theatre with the style and character of the Grand Opera, and made it very like the latter, what will have become of its originality and what reason will there be for its existence? Let the Opéra-Comique then have a run of ill-luck, such as we sometimes see, a series of failures, and we shall find people saying, not without some show of reason, that it is doing the same thing as the Grand Opera; that it was not for this it was established; that it has become useless; and that it must be suppressed. It is very certain that the Opéra-Comique is now completely off the right track, and, despite its success, its manager is doing it the most detestable service imaginable."

Another favourite work about to resume its place in the bills is G. Bizet's *Carmen*, with Mdle Isaac in the title-part, Mdle Merguillier as Micaela, M. Stéphane as Don José, and M. Taskin—re-engaged—as the Toreador.

At the Nouveautés, M. Ch. Lecocq's last work, *Le Cœur et la Main*, has made way for a three-act buffo opera, *Le Droit de l'Aïeuse*. The book, by MM. Leterrier and Vanloo, is, both in subject and treatment, neither better nor worse than others previously supplied by those practised playwrights. The music is by M. Francis Chassaigne, who has enjoyed for some time a reputation as a writer for the Café-Chantant, but never before essayed the stage. His first experiment on that seductive but dangerous ground must be pronounced a success, in achieving which he was greatly aided by Mdle Ugalde, who played and sang charmingly, and by the manager, who had spared neither time, trouble, nor expense in putting the piece on the stage.

At last, the Municipal Council have made up their minds on the much vexed question of the Opéra-Populaire, which is now to become a reality. The successful competitor for the annual grant of 300,000 francs from the city of Paris is M. Eugène Ritt, who talks of opening in the autumn with M. Massenet's *Hérodiade*, in the building, transformed into a theatre, hitherto occupied by

the Panorama of Belfort. The proscenium-opening will be scarcely three feet less than that of the Grand Opera, and the house will hold three, or, by the shifting of certain movable partitions, four thousand persons. However much composers may rejoice at the resolution adopted by the City Fathers, it is very doubtful whether they will be better pleased than MM. Vaucorbeil and Carvalho themselves with the recommendation of the Committee charged with drawing-up the report on the subject to the effect that the Opera and Opéra-Comique shall be bound to allow the Opéra-Populaire to give, concurrently with them, works which figure in their repertory, and which, on account of their great value, the public ought to enjoy greater facilities of hearing. If one principal purpose of the Opéra-Populaire is to afford unacted composers a new and much-needed outlet for their creations, it is difficult to understand how that purpose will be forwarded by choking up the outlet with works already performed.

Unable to agree with the persons pecuniarily interested with him in the Renaissance as to the style of piece to be given there, M. Gravière will shortly retire from the management.—In consequence of the report of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, the Government have determined to withdraw the Bill demanding five million seven hundred thousand francs for enlarging and improving the Conservatory.—Three renowned *Dixie* will, if rumour speaks true, sing here ere the world is much older: Mdme Adeline Patti, on her return from America; Mdme Sembrich, on her return from Russia; and Mdme Etelka Gerster, after concluding her engagement at the Scala, Milan.—Mdme Krauss has had the heavy misfortune to lose her father.—A considerable batch of "Officiers d'Académie" has been created lately. The recipients of the distinction are MM. Campocasso, formerly manager of the Brussels Monnaie, and of the Theatres at Lyons and Marseilles; Octave Fouque, Sub-Librarian at the Conservatory; Peruzzi, Professor of Singing; Mdme Ugalde, the celebrated vocalist; Mdme Fonrobert, Professor at the Lille Conservatory; Monval, Keeper of the Archives at the Théâtre-Français; Carré, Chorus-Master at the Opéra-Comique; Joanny Gandon, Conductor at the Vaudeville; Reynaud, Second Conductor at the Concerts Populaires, and Faure.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Several Italian musicians long resident in England have presented the above institution with a fine life-size bust of Sir Michael Costa, not only in recognition of their illustrious countryman's talents and high artistic and social position, but also as a token of their grateful appreciation of the kindly feelings existing between them and their English professional colleagues. The bust has been placed on the first landing of the grand staircase leading to the concert-room.

CHICAGO.—The reappearance of Mdme Albani in this city, after an absence of eight years, was the event at the opera last night, and never has McVicker's Theatre held a larger or a more distinguished gathering than welcomed the *prima donna*. Every part of the house was crowded, and the reception was as hearty as it was prolonged. No artist who has appeared in this city ever received a more genuinely enthusiastic welcome. The opera was *I Puritani*. Albani was the *Elvira*, and that sufficed. She was in excellent voice, which was shown to decided effect in the polacca, "Son Vergin Vezzosa," and again in the expressive aria, "Qui la Voce." The performance was one of great excellence throughout. Mdme Albani leaves to-morrow for St. Louis, where she will inaugurate the opera season on Monday night, appearing as Elsa in the *Lohengrin* of Wagner.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*, (Jan. 20th).

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Affairs are in a state of revolution at the Hoch Conservatory. A number of professors have stated that they intend to resign and more than 100 students out of 180 side with them. One circumstance which appears to have particularly envenomed matters is the engagement by the new Director, Herr Bernhard Scholz, of Julius Stockhausen, who formerly occupied a leading position in the institution.—At the first production of Wagner's *Siegfried*, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine (at the new Grand Operahouse), the scene in which the hero kills the Dragon, Fafner—who, after being pierced by the magic sword of the (almost) invulnerable son of Siegmund and Sieglinde, "relates his own biography" (Hanslick), in moaning accents, was greeted with shouts of derision. The performance generally seems to have deserved only moderate praise, although exception is made in favour of the well-known conductor, Herr Dessoff, and the representative of the heroine, Brünnhilde.

REMOVAL OF THE CHURCH SCREEN.

Few, amongst many surprising changes effected in our cathedrals during the last quarter of a century, are more striking or significant than that caused by the displacement of the screen, with its organ-loft, and the huge instrument of music towering well-nigh up to the groined roof. To any capable of fully appreciating the full beauty of a Gothic interior, the long unbroken line of receding arches, now happily restored, must appear one of its chief elements of grandeur. If only but this simple charm of perspective be enjoyed, something of value has been gained; but if by taking away this mass of stone-work, with its forbidding iron gates, the conviction has been wrought that a barrier has been broken down, that the church and its services are for all who enter, then assuredly the lover of art and the churchman may rejoice together. The freedom thus afforded the vision stops not at æsthetic pleasures, but leads to more spiritual delights, for the worshipper—on entering the vast building from the west—can at once behold the symbols of Christianity; nothing is suffered to hide from view the up-raised altar; neither the lowness of the communion table nor the height of screen is allowed to prevent the most distant member of the congregation seeing emblems of mysteries that call forth faith and adoration. It is difficult to realize the fact that such a block should have remained so long across the way leading to the altar: and still more difficult to believe that this impediment, often with incongruous ornamentation, should in the past have found admirers, and should now find mourners. But perhaps the condemned screen was only a small trouble amidst the general want of appreciation and utter neglect which cathedrals for many generations endured. Can it be credited that during the eighteenth century not only were those glorious fabrics allowed to fall into decay, but that contempt should have been flung at their crumbling arches and falling towers? They were made a butt for the cynic's shaft, and a theme for the superfined critic's censure. Listen to Smollett! "The external appearance of an old cathedral," he was speaking of York Minster, "cannot but be displeasing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety and proportion." Again, "Durham Cathedral is a huge gloomy pile." Indeed, Gothic architecture had no friend or advocate amongst the many learned and popular authors who made that era illustrious in the annals of literature. The infidel scoffed, the world was indifferent, and, it must be added, the theologian, whilst enjoying dignities and emoluments attached to the cathedral, neglected the fabric which was to him the fountain of honour and wealth. Although well nigh rich enough in its own right to cause every surface stone to shine with precious metal, or glow with gorgeous hue, although its revenues were so large and ample, yet whitewash was thought by its officers good enough for inside covering. Moreover, as the shorn ritual stood not in need of so vast a place for performance, a comparatively small portion of the interior, the choir, was therefore prepared and set apart for daily worship. On either side high stalls were erected for the clergy; beneath, desks were fitted for singers, and, to crown this church within a church, a huge organ, a very Noah's ark, largely stored with pipes, was lifted upon the screen. The Holy Rood was displaced for this cumbersome instrument raised to the service of St. Cecilia.

Whoever might have been inconvenienced or whatever principle weakened by the enclosure of the choir, the sufferer was certainly not the musician. What a commanding position the organist occupied! Beneath him, on his right and on his left, were the Decani and Cantoris members of his choir over whom he held firm and complete control. The wandering or refractory voice could be held in check, and each side made to keep pace with the other. To the timid singer he was enabled to give encouraging aid, to the sinking voice timely succour; to the tender tones of the chorister he could add gentle companionship, and to harshness bring the only good thing, entire absorption. Besides, what a power the organist possessed over the whole space covered by the vast building! A power resembling the might of fabled Jove, who, from Olympus, sent forth thunders, which made the earth tremble. Perched aloft, the player, as the humour swayed him, could roll out thunder, which, increasing in volume by a thousand echoes, seemed to make the mighty mass of stone vibrate with harmony. Nor was the arrangement less advantageous to composers, particularly those of the eighteenth century; men, now often alighted,

but who, nevertheless, proved both diligent and faithful in transmitting, if not developing, earlier art. Whatever defects modern eyes might see in their works, it may be taken for granted that those works were suited to the age; and, moreover, it is not improbable that they supply us of the present day with fairly truthful reflections of the intellectual and moral state of cathedral establishments at the time when written and in use. For do not musical qualities and peculiarities afford the historical student, more abundantly perhaps than any products of the other arts, interesting and reliable evidences of the religious, mental, and moral condition, as well as the artistic taste of the age in which those musical characteristics were the fashion? Thus the cold sobriety peculiar to the ecclesiastical music of the eighteenth century may be taken as an indication of that almost entire absence of fanaticism which distinguished the Anglican Church from most other religious bodies of the period. Therein are found no strivings for either self abasement or ecstatic elevation; no shriek of phrenzy, no pang of agony, but only unexciting strains befitting the calm and repose of the venerable aisles which received and repeated such appropriate messages. So likewise harmonious combinations are not made abstruse or involved; neither had mystery an important place in the theology of the time. On the contrary there is a certain preciseness, both in design and treatment, that accorded well with the prevailing formality of the daily services. The consequent dryness, for such it has been termed, is, perhaps in part, the natural outcome of the undemonstrative Saxon character. But the music of this age, like the church it served, aimed at being National, and therefore eschewed as much as possible foreign affectations. It also aimed and succeeded in being, in a manner, unsecular, and if now thought by the student too trivial in theme for its sacred office, it nevertheless always manages to keep within the limits of a religious, if conventional, form of expression. Like the preacher, the musician shunned theatrical modes of utterance; and should there be a general absence of genius felt, both in sermon and song, there is at any rate no lack of knowledge and science. It is interesting to note that in the continual use of certain contrapuntal devices, particularly in the practice of incessant *imitation*, in this jangle of puerile phrases, there will be found something like a counterpart of the logical quibbles abounding in theological discourses of the period. Indeed, the scholar's fancy is oftener appealed to than the worshipper's imagination; but then has not this limitation certain advantages? Is there not a consequent absence of sensuousness and worldly passion? Note also what comparatively little change of style and quality is seen in the church music of the eighteenth century! The composer seems to have been as jealous for the preservation of the forms of his art as the clergyman for the conservation of Church and State. Neither must it be forgotten that, within the narrow limits of the cathedral choir, the morning and evening services of our sublime liturgy were, in some fashion or other, daily performed, thus keeping alive the spark of religious music in a long period of coldness and indifference.

The removal of the Cathedral screen is a sign that the age of exclusiveness is passing away; a sign that the service and anthem of former days, written and performed for the delectation and edification of a few, are doomed to give place to something better adapted to the widened area, with its thousands of occupants. The leaders and followers of what is called the "Catholic revival" of the present generation are making demands upon the musician as well as builder and decorator; they call for music to aid in securing the attention and interest of the people. And it must be acknowledged that our young church composers are responding with great alacrity, and some ability. Never before has there been so much written and published, and never before has music reached the multitude with such force. The sacred compositions now teeming from the press show above all things yearnings and strivings for effect. The style of the last century is discarded for what is thought more earnest and stirring. Artifices, deemed once upon a time essential to writings with any pretence to learning, are passed by in the hurry of producing themes with a grip strong enough to hold the unwilling and agitate the listless. This anxious wish for vigour—a craving which has leaped to a climax of musical absurdity in the "Salvation Army"—is now a characteristic of the greater portion

of the Church, where, happily, however, it can find expression without travestying either religion or music. Nevertheless, the younger musician is often found resorting to modes not altogether free from violence. An undue force in the musical illustration of Scriptural text, and an extreme form of emphasis and accent on certain solemn words, are errors regretted by those not inclined to overlook impropriety because zeal is the prompter. This excess is particularly noticeable in passages embodying the mysteries of our holy religion—themes of such an awful import as to bow the discomfited mind of man to the earth—in dealing with these unfathomable subjects the modern composer presumptuously tries to represent, as it were, the miracle which first accompanied and substantiated the spiritual verities. Thus, for instance, in the recital of the passion of our Lord, the musician is sometimes found labouring, by abrupt transitions, or unnatural harmonic combinations, to supply by his art the place of supernatural confirmation. Far better and wiser would it be for him to pass by such impenetrable mysteries with the modesty and self-abnegation of predecessors. Besides, does not the special effect of to-day become the discarded clap-trap of to-morrow? The Church composer has assuredly a field before him wide enough for the exercise of the greatest genius or the vastest ambition—for, has he not the heart of man with all its emotional attributes open to his touch? By his art, which is well called "divine," he has free entrance into, and potent sway over, that too often closely-guarded realm. At his bidding, the gentler passions troop out from their hiding-places, whilst pity and love are drawn wheresoever he wills. All the greater reason, therefore, that the young musician should take heed, lest this winning influence be scared away by forbidding noises, or repelling discords.

PENCERDD GWYNN.

RICHARD WAGNER.

True to her reputation as the most musical city in Europe, Vienna has to-day shown extraordinary interest in the news from Venice announcing the decease of the greatest of recent German composers. The fact became known, but only to a very few persons, last night. This morning the Vienna newspapers speak of little else but the departed genius and his works. The Crown Prince Rudolph, on receiving the first intimation of the event, telegraphed to Vienna for confirmation. The same was done by the authorities of many provincial cities where Wagner's music was as popular as it is here. To-day the Town Council of Vienna passed a resolution expressing sympathy with the family of the deceased composer and regret at the death of the world's greatest musical genius. It was also resolved that one of the principal thoroughfares of the capital should be called Wagner Street. Telegrams of condolence were also sent by Baron Hoffmann from the two Court Theatres to Frau Cosima Wagner, the wife of the composer. Herr Hans Richter, Wagner's truest interpreter, is leaving here to-night for Venice to assist in the preparations for the funeral. He will accompany the body to Munich and Bayreuth. Baron Hoffmann, Frau Materna, and Scaria, as well as deputations from all the great Vienna musical societies, including the Vienna Wagner Clubs, will be fully represented at the obsequies. To-morrow *Lohengrin* will be performed at the Opera House, and preparations are being made to do homage to Wagner's memory by a grand morning representation in the Hall of the Musical Union. Nowhere were Wagner's compositions performed more to his satisfaction than in Vienna. This city, too, lent him its best singers and performers for his Bayreuth festival. It is true that he was here most sharply criticised, and the musical world here was divided into two camps, passionately opposed to one another, in reference to Wagner's merits.

I may add that the principal physician of the Vienna General Hospital some weeks ago made a diagnosis of Wagner's condition. He found the composer was suffering from heart disease, and predicted that, unless he ceased working and kept very quiet, there would be a sudden catastrophe—a prediction now only two literally verified. Wagner, in addition to all his other published works, has finished the first volume of his "Musical Philosophy and Aesthetics." He has also left three copies of a printed autobiography, one for himself, the second for his son Siegfried, and the last for Liszt. The Palazzo Vendramin, where Wagner died, belonged to Comte de Chambord.—(Correspondence from Vienna.)

Le Hoyoux, a cantata for orchestra, vocal solos, and mixed chorus, by Mathieu, director of the School of Music, Louvain, has been well received at the Concerts Populaires, Brussels.

WAIFS.

Théo and company open at the Casino, New York, on the 11th March.

The press and public of Chicago are in raptures with our whilome Scalchi.

Joseph Wieniawski's concerts in Brussels have been well attended.

G. C. Guido, the well-known Florence music-publisher, died on the 18th January.

The low orchestral pitch will be adopted next autumn at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Arrigo Boito has completed his new opera, *Nerone*. (Has he begun it?—Dr Blüger.)

Lhéris, the tenor-baritone, has been offered an engagement for next season at Buenos Ayres.

Mr D'Oyly Carte is, it is reported, endeavouring to secure theatres in Philadelphia and Boston, U.S.

The Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar has conferred the Order of the Falcon on Paul Viardot, the violinist.

A buffo opera, *La Grande Comore*, music by Cortelazzo, is to be produced at the French Theatre, Nice.

L'Africaine, with Signora Singer, Gayarre, and Laban (baritone), is in rehearsal at the San Carlo, Naples.

Bachrich's new opera, *Muzzedin*, was to be produced on the 17th inst. at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Emma Thursby sang with great effect at the third of Theodore Thomas's Monthly Concerts in Philadelphia.

A new musical paper, *La Musique-Gazette*, with M. Ernest Dubreuil as editor, is now published in Paris.

The King of Saxony attended the second performance of Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabæer* at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

A performance of Gounod's *Redemption* will shortly be given by the Berlin St Cecilia Association, under Alexis Hollaender.

Hasselmanns, founder and ex-director of the Strassburgh Conservatory, is appointed conductor at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles.

Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, with Donadio and Lhéris in the leading parts, has been well received at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Professor Helmholtz, author of *The Theory of Tone-Sensations*, has had letters of nobility conferred on him by the Emperor Wilhelm.

Suppé's buffo opera, *Die Reise nach Africa*, now in rehearsal at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, will be produced early in March.

The Grand-Duke of Baden has bestowed the Commander's Cross of the Order of the Falcon on Count Gérald Zichy, the one-handed pianist.

There is no truth in the assertion that the baritone Kaschmann is about to marry Signorina Emma Colonna.—(This is important.—Dr Blüger.)

The impression produced by Boito's *Mefistofele* on the first night at the Teatro Real, Madrid, has been confirmed by subsequent performances.

The Liceo Marcello Benedetto Society, Venice, have resolved to present Luigi Mancinelli with an ebony conducting-stick, inlaid with ivory and silver.

Franz Liszt's "Symphonic Poem," *Les Préludes*, and the overture to *Tannhäuser*, were performed recently at the Liceo Marcello Benedetto, Venice.

The Italian operatic season of eleven months terminated at the Buen Retiro, Barcelona, on the 5th inst. The company are now at the Circo Price, Madrid.

A performance of Gounod's *Redemption* was given on the 29th inst. by the Boston (U.S.) Handel and Haydn Society. Among the singers was Aline Osgood.

There were 185 operatic performances in 1882 at the Theatre Royal, Dresden. Six operas were given for the first time in that capital—two were revivals.

Dorchester has, among other towns in the west, appointed examiners this week in connexion with the Royal College of Music.

The Prince of Wales, writing through his secretary to the Mayor of Dorchester, says the amount of money already subscribed enables him to place fifty open scholarships before the country for competition.

The successful competitors for these will, without cost to themselves, receive a thorough education in the art and science of music under the professors of the college, extending over a period of three years and upwards, according to the branches studied.

The competition for the scholarships will take place in April next at the college, Kensington Gore, London. The examiners appointed

for Dorchester are Messrs Boyton Smith, T. M. Morgan, and Joseph Robinson, and those for Salisbury Messrs C. J. Read, A. Aylward, and T. Spinney.

The will of Miss Esther Matilda Johnston, late of 9, Belgrave Square, who died on December 17 last, was proved on the 22nd ult by Andrew Pepps Cockerell, John Hassard, and Grenville Charles Lennox Berkeley, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £74,000. The testatrix leaves her plate to the Earl of Essex; her residence in Belgrave Square, with a selection of her best pictures, statuary, and furniture, to the Earl of Essex and his successors; and legacies to cousins and friends. There are also liberal legacies to her own and to some of the servants of her late aunt, the Dowager Countess of Essex. Her animals and birds she specially gives to her head housemaid, Emma Kitson, and her executors are authorized to make such payment to the said Emma Kitson as she may think necessary, not exceeding £100 per annum. As to the residue of her property, she gives one-fourth each to her cousins, Charles Viret Stephens, Charles Stephens, and Samuel Stephens, and one-eighth each to her cousins Frederick Smith and Julia Smith.

Signor Arditì—says *The Cincinnati Enquirer* of Jan. 29—is one of the most celebrated musical directors, especially for operatic performances, in the world. His experience has been such that he probably knows by heart the score of every opera that has ever been produced. This distinguished gentleman has been here since Friday last, rehearsing the chorus and orchestra for the operas of the week, and has worked diligently and with great zeal. A representative of this paper met Signor Arditì at the Burnet House yesterday afternoon. The Signor had just come from a rehearsal at Music Hall, and looked tired. He said he was tired, as he had had two long rehearsals with the orchestra, and would have another at night. When asked what he thought of the Cincinnati part of the chorus and orchestra Signor Arditì said: "Both are fine, the chorus has been well trained, and will render excellent service at the operas, and the orchestra plays nicely. We will have an orchestra of 100 instruments, which is as fine and as large a band as ever played for an opera at any place in the world. Your festival will be the best of all you have had, and I wonder, if you folks in Cincinnati keep progressing with your Musical Festivals and Dramatic Festivals, where you will end. You certainly are setting examples for the whole country, and other cities are imitating you. But I must go to my room. I am very tired. Good-bye," and the energetic and remarkable little director jumped into the elevator and shot up to his room.

MR F. H. COWEN AT GLASGOW.—(Extract from a private letter).—"Cowen has had a great success with his *Scandinavian Symphony*. He is delighted; Glasgow is delighted; and his visit to this great commercial city (for which August Manns is doing so much and so well) can only add to his fame.—S."

PARIS.—It remains for us to draw attention—says the *Revue du Monde Musical et Dramatique*—to the brilliant concert at the Salle Erard, given by the eminent harpist M. Oberthür. Since the pianoforte has taken the world by force, the variety of effects of which the harp is capable are generally ignored, and the charming variety of tone an artist of talent may draw from it are overlooked. The grand Duo for two harps, on *Les Huguenots*, played to perfection by Messrs Oberthür and Hasselmanns, met with immense success. Besides these two, we must mention M. Nadaud (violin), Mdle Nadaud, his sister, who sang the air from the *Pré aux clercs* (with violin accompaniment), and M. Loeb (violoncello), all artists whose talents contributed to the *clat* of this interesting *soirée*.

SOMETHING LIKE A TOUR.—A company of distinguished artists, including Signorina Teodorini, M. Lassalle—who quits the Paris Grand Opera—and Sig Tamagno, will start next May on an extended European concert tour. They will sing first in Christiania; thence they will visit successively Stockholm, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, Ems, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Basle, Berne, Zurich, and Geneva. They will then take two months' rest, after which they will proceed to Strassburgh, Vienna, Bucharest, Odessa, Kiev, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Frankfurt, Cologne, and Brussels. On leaving the last-named town, they will shape their course to Spain in the first place; next to Italy; and finally to the south of France, where this monster tour will terminate.

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